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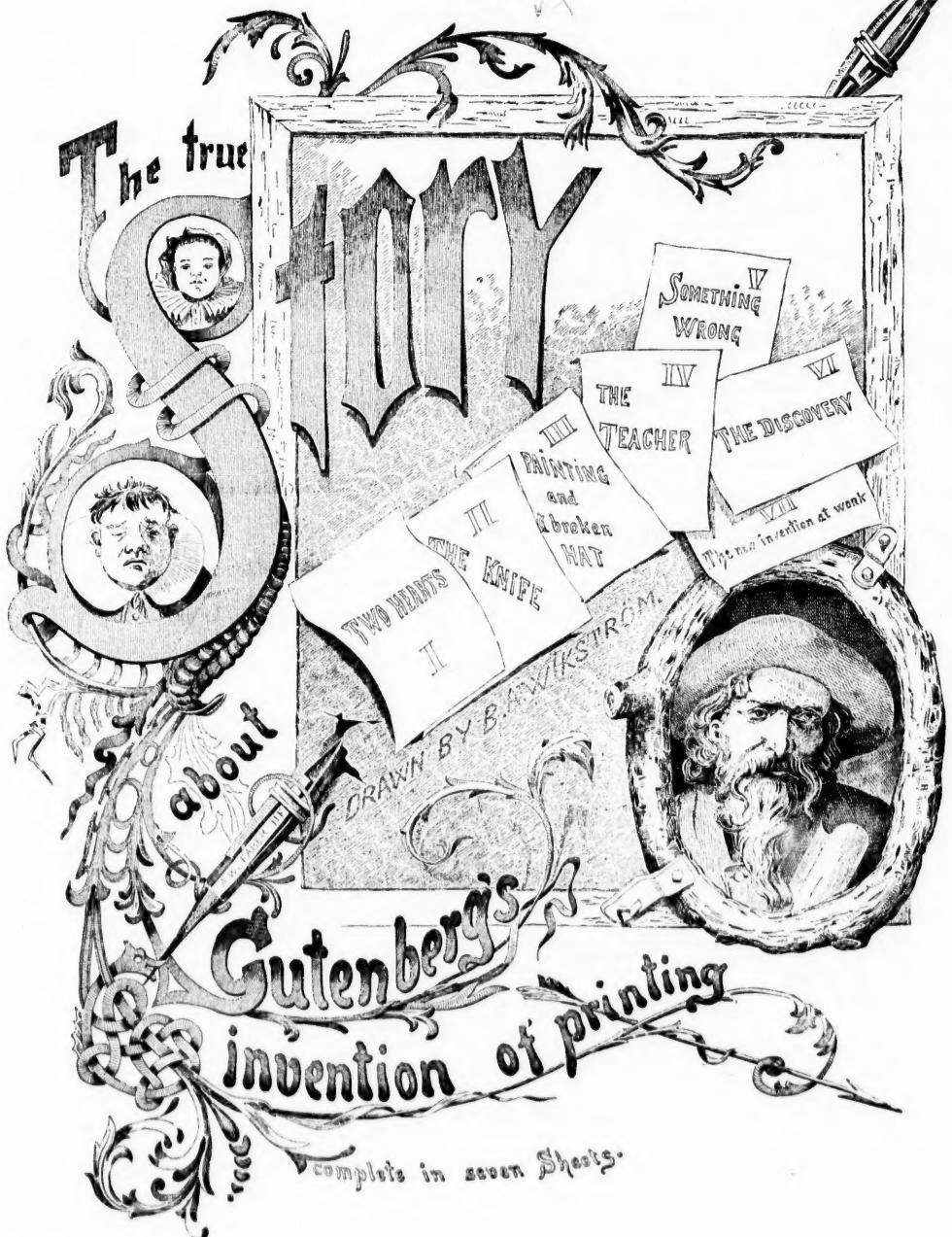
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Adult

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NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE ROOM
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Yonge Friedrich Fust was a blythesome boy,
And Bertha von Schmidt his cheefest joy,
For she was fayre and gentil and trewe;
And on summer eves full oft they sat
Prattling lowe together of thys and that,
As fond lovers han alwaies ben wont to doe.



Fredric loved Bertha.

On benche where they used to sitte, one day,
Poor Friedrich to give his feelings place,
Graved in lettres large bothe F and B;
And twixte these lettres graved he an harte
Peerced through and throughe with an arrowe darte,
As in pictured hartes ye schal often see.



And now that hys kerwing brighte shold bee,
He fruites hath taen fro aye cherrie tree
That grawe therby, and hir color expreste,
Wherwith all his werke he then dyd staine,
That it might be seene righte redde and plaine
How hys love for Bertha here stode confeste.



Now scarce hadde he don whan he was ware
Of Herr Gutenberg, his teacher there
Straying alone, while his besy braine teemed
With thoghtes of that arte, still unrevealed,
Whiche wher Friedrich satte now lay concealed
In processe whereof never yet hadde he dreamed.



Wittenberg, his teacher came.

This teacher straightforward gave Friedrich's advice
For an ideal life: ye made all abide
Stand still on high seat, till the storm is blown.
He scaled heights, stood backward, and struck
On a rocky ledge, till the storm was past,
By Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, at his command.



НЕ КАТАСТРОФЕ!

Friedrich spik yoree from offe that grounde,
But Gutenberg steede as one listounide,
Gazinge with fixt eyen on these letters red
And piercet herte,—for to light was broughte
That unto he hadis long ale in vaine ysought,
Whiche thys misere here sat withouts troubling his heade.



Of jalousie then fulle and eke of joye,
Herr Gutenberg dyd seize and carrie off the boy,
Thys secrete for to garde and this forme emploie
In estamping impressures fulle many & one;

For his herte itt was now harde as is ony stone,
Soo might he but worke out this aventure alone.

And tho poore Friedrich cryed and stogled amain,
And Bertha sweete wept sore, yet it was alle in vaine,
Till ye processe itt was proven be both trew and sounde:

And thus was ye grata art of alle artes yfounde.

"*Res explicita est.*"

W. P. D.

Saint John, N. B.

January 1st, 1893.



The new invention.





Ye Carrier.

